

Lexington Caucasian.

SATELLITE JOURNALISM.

The St. Louis daily journals, especially those of the Democratic persuasion, who are now striving for prominence, have always pursued a cheap but effective policy toward the country papers, which is so transparent as to merit a passing notice at this time. By country papers, we mean, generally, those verdant worders whose "editors" have but a single earthly ambition, and that is to merit, by some truckling means, the merest mention or reference by a St. Louis paper. To secure recognition in the local personal columns of any of these St. Louis papers, to the effect that "Col. or Maj. So-and-so, editor of the weekly Scream of Glory, printed at Clodhopperville, is in town," or "called upon us," or "is stopping at the free-lunch hotel," these "editors" will make semi-yearly pilgrimages on ten dollars, leaving all their mundane interests in the hands of their overworked devils. When they have returned home, their village garret kennels, three consecutive issues of their "patented" outsiders are required to express the grateful gushings of their glorified country souls. We called to see. "We found Mr. So-and-so, the gallant and able and pleasant and genial editor," etc. "We were astonished at the magnitude of the establishment." "He grasped our hand warmly." "When you go to St. Louis, stop at the Dead-Beat Hotel, where we were shown to a fine bed in the garret or kitchen loft." "The landlord is a noble host." "When you visit St. Louis, buy your whisky at Job Mullett's. See his large advertisement in another column." Et id omne stupendum.

This treatment of the ruralist, with his three quip subscription list, is never forgotten. And it is well for the St. L. journals that it isn't; for in the course of time, one of that city's struggling dailies wants to drive a neighbor to the wall. It watches its opponent's editorial columns like a hawk. For instance, the impatient and always insincere Republican declares that everybody knows is true—that the Democratic party is down at the heels, or may never again secure power, or something else not popular with the deceiving class of politicians—when the St. Louis and Dispatch editors rise up in their boots and scream with horror. See, here, rural roosters! hear this declaration of perfidy. The rural roosters both hear and reply. They have been waiting a long time for the opportunity. Then each one goes to work, and prepares an article in small pipe thirty-nine inches long, to the effect that "the Democratic party is not dead by a darned sight, but if it is, it's a mighty lively corpse." Then they pound the Republican Hyde in the fifth rib, with their liliput fists, and make faces at him, calling the Republican hard names; and all this, because when the country editor was in St. Louis, the Republican did not put his inconsequential name in among the local personals.

On the contrary, the Dispatch and Times call him Col., or Maj., or some other stupid thing, and it makes his natural plainness feel less unbearable.

If smart articles from the satellite press can harm the Republican, we fear it is gone where the twine woodbine. Poor country editors, how excited they get so excited about a small matter so far away? What does the Republican or the Times or the Dispatch's opinion amount to? A denunciation of the exercise of independence of opinion, even though that opinion should be expressed in so questionable a quarter, will neither unmake, nor make, the Democratic party. The whole discussion is not worth a hill of beans.

A BAD OMEN.

Disastrous Policy.

One of the worst signs of the times is the abuse which so-called straight-out Democrats are heaping upon their late confederates, the Conservatives or Liberal Republicans. These men are not only spurned, driven away, kicked out from any possible fellowship, but are actually declared to be the most hateful of political reprobates. The Cincinnati Enquirer, which, as a journal, has no record worth having—occupying in Ohio, about the same position as the Republican in Missouri—uses the most extravagant terms of dislike, declaring that all "Bargain and Sale with Political Demagogues is Repudiated." These "political demagogues," be it remembered, were the "glorious Liberals" of last year. Then they were the meek and lowly followers of Democracy;—they were then "patriotic allies,"—"our brave friends," etc. To-day, nearly every straight-out Democratic newspaper calls them by names far less feeling and affectionate. We are absolutely astonished at the blind stupidity of these Democratic journals. Have we grown so strong since our late defeat by a majority of 700,000 votes, that we can afford to insult those who differ from us only in organization? From whose ranks are we to gain a million voters to win next year? Are the Radicals going to throw down their victorious arms and fall

up our sadly, woefully depleted ranks? Were ever lunatics more utterly and entirely dazed? Here now is an exhibition of what is to follow in party leadership; for the tone of all speakers, as of the press, is to the same purport. Maledictions upon our late allies. We the Democracy are everything—We the Liberals, are nothing—mere "political demagogues"—who ought to be hanged because there were not more of you. "Is this the way to combine and unify the Conservative masses for a restoration of liberty, public decency, and constitutional observance? What will be done with Virginia, North Carolina, Louisiana and Arkansas, where no such thing as the 'Democratic party' exists? There the opposition to Radicalism is simply named Conservative. Are those, also, 'political demagogues'? Political demagogues, forsooth! Rather, is not every writer and speaker, who contributes to a division of the Conservative armies a political dam-ogogue? Instead of improving, everything connected with old party management seems to be going to ruin with a rush, and the future looks less inviting day by day.

VULTURES.

Dead-Beating for Information.

THE NEWSPAPER BORROWER.

There is a class of well-to-do dead-beats, paper news-flickers, newspaper-borrowing vultures, never subscribing poachers on the rights of readers, in every city, village and post-office of the country, whom the official law-makers have singularly enough overlooked. Every one of them enjoys life to-day simply by the oversight of our sage law-cobblers, and the Christian forbearance of readers. But they deserve death nevertheless, and they shall have it.

We declare the unquestionable proposition, that no cypher in society has the right to invade the postal or any other privileges of a factor in the community; neither has any one person the right to bear another out of peace of mind. Let every one of these eternally antediluvian, and yet there are in this city and county—all through this section—an army of early cockatill poachers, who are too mean to order and pay for the Caucasian or any other paper, who have the effrontery to go to the post-offices of regular paying subscribers and take their papers from the mails, and read them, before their owners can get a chance to do so. There may be lower degrees of contemptibility, but we have never heard of them. The man who dug up his mother's body to recover her buried marriage-ring, with which by a pint of whisky, is an angel of enterprise beside these diabolical mail vultures.

Then there is the meek, "if you please," wait-till-you-are-done, paper-borrowing fiend. He may have a fine farm, well stocked, and a convenient bank account, but his soul is too infinitesimally microscopic, to ever entertain the serious idea of subscribing to a journal. He is a great reader, but he always borrows. "Ma (or pa) says, please send the Caucasian if you are done with it," is the sound that comes over the fence soon after day-break, or with in half an hour after it is known that the Caucasian has arrived.

This vulture is suffering agony to read your paper, and you send it to him before you have had time to read it, nine times out of ten you haven't opened it at all, or if you have, it is begged from you right under your nose. It is a real wonder that more persons are not killed every day! As a matter of course, when the paper is returned, if it ever is, it is torn or mused, and looks unreadable.

Then there is the store-room loafer. He is a man of decided opinions—has a bold political individuality. He jams the Caucasian, because it doesn't look at things as he does. He would see its editors in h—l, (where he has secured a permanent location), before he'd take and pay for the cursed thing. But then you hear, he'd read it, if it busted him. He'd walk the town all over, but what he got a chance to read it all through for nothing.

It is possible that these paper dead-beats don't know that they are annoying their friends, the subscribers? Or is it sheer mean cussedness in them? We believe it to be the latter; and acting on this view of the case, we are having prepared to our express order, at the chemical works, No. 1760 Broadway, New York, a subtle, deadly powder, which, sprinkled over the paper and inhaled by the paper-vulture, produces instantaneous consciousness and sure death. We shall keep this stuff in the office for the benefit of our regular readers who may desire to be rid of these mendicants. All they will have to do is to sprinkle it on the paper when the borrower comes or sends for it. One paper of that stuff will kill off all in the neighborhood. Indeed, what a glorious and peaceful revolution scene is promising, and how grateful we ought all to feel for this its greatest discovery.

We are in receipt of a circular from the Georgia Press Association, containing appropriate preamble and resolutions in relation to the institution of a National Press Association, in which our co-operation is solicited. We approve the movement and promise to be present.

SILE WOODSON.

Since reading the St. Louis Dispatch's comments on the ridiculous proclamation and patent letter-writing of Missouri's excuse for a Governor, we are almost persuaded to say that it is an independent Democratic journal in the true sense. The Dispatch of the 20th says: "He blundered fatally," and that "the great defect in Gov. Woodson's character is his want of decision." We admire that honest and manly independence in journalism, which dares to condemn a failure in its own party. The Dispatch draws it mild, but it nevertheless means to be honest. These exhibitions of distrust in Woodson are only the inevitable effects of distinctly seen controlling causes. Woodson was a known failure even before he, through the desperate machinations of Bob Wilson's and slippery Jim Rollins' friends, manipulated that famous joking convention for the nomination. His nomination was achieved in a joke, and a disastrous and humiliating joke his election has been from the first. Gov. Woodson has but a single mission to perform. He is our witness that what we have said of him all along is true. And the longer he remains in office, the stronger will his testimony be.

Think of a Governor tendering physical assistance to a sheriff, when he knew he had none such to give. When half a dozen policemen were called for by the sheriff of Callaway, in compliance with his brazened letter, there was not even one to send. Unfortunately the sheriff or other public officer, beset by a frenzied populace, who shall place any trust in the present executive's profers of aid. Let all such take warning from the fate of gallant, murdered Col. Low, of Callaway.

We have no quarrel with Gov. Silas Woodson as a man. We deal with him as a public servant. We opposed his nomination from the first. We believed that he was not the kind of material from which a Governor of the Fifth State in the Union should be manufactured. Great men are not cast in such a mold. He has always had an unfortunate local reputation; he has only enlarged it. What more was to be expected? "Do men gather figs of thistles?" As well might we expect to make a great man out of a St. Joe bonobobler.

THE SCRAMBLE FOR ORGANSHIP, by the St. Louis Democratic journals, is amusingly amusing. They are all, of course, immensely "independent" on all subjects and neutral in none, but the way they are striving for the loaves and fishes of the poor old party, is proof that for ways that are dark and tricks that are vain, they are giving the heathen Chinese a close race. The Times plays the hegawg and the Dispatch beats all dancing a ludicrous war-jig. We hope the new mutual admiration societies will settle the vexed question, as to the death of Democracy, and the present condition of the "mighty lively corpse," as early as day as possible. In the meantime, the ancient Republican grinds its snagged teeth, blows its pug-nose, coughs spitefully, and continues to lead.

The compilation from the scriptures, on the fourth page of the Caucasian, was especially prepared for this paper by one of its pious editors. We call special attention to the summary of facts under the title, "Is there a Real Hell and a Personal Devil." We believe this is the first time this important question has been answered affirmatively in so brief a space and without other word or argument than that furnished by Him "who spake as never man spake."

This bon mot is from the American Newspaper Reporter: "The editor of the Richmond Enquirer acknowledges a call from the editor of the Caucasian, and says he 'illuminated the office with the lightning of his countenance.' It is supposed to have been a Western imitation of Jerey lightning."

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Miss Nelson is said to be the best swimmer at Long Branch.

Ex-Governor Warmoth has returned to New Orleans from Saratoga.

The infamous Judge Dorell is at Washington, boring his master.

John Forsythe, editor of the Mobile Register, is summing in London.

Gen. Kemper is the White Man's candidate for Governor of old Virginia.

Thirteen soldiers of the war of 1812, are still living in Butler county, Ala.

Miss Sallie Brown, of Conecuh, Ala., aged 104, is still as lively as a cricket.

A larger per cent of Democrats than Republicans pocketed their salary steal-Shame.

Miss Lou Slaughter, of Onachita parish, La., only 14 years old, is a creditable male composure.

Rev. Noah Flood died at Columbia on the 11th inst. He had been forty years in the Baptist ministry.

Martin Van Buren Gilbert, a printer, is the member of the North Carolina Legislature from Raleigh.

It is prophesied that cold-blooded Sherman, monarchist and bumper-chief, will be the next President.

The Prince of Wales enjoys a jolly old pipe-smoke on the streets. If kings may do so, why not commoners?

John Haines, an unloved Delawarean, held his head under water, the other day, till his life was washed out.

On dir, that McKee, of the St. Louis Globe, Judge Irwin, and Collector Ford are at Long Branch fixing up a new slate for this state.

Eighty-eight women are attending the Medical University, with a view of entering courts, courting prelates, and preaching free-love politics.

Heracles Housh is the chap who exposed the Davenport Brothers and other Spiritualist humbuggery. He is lecturing in the Gulf cities of the South.

Thirty-six Senators and one hundred and seventy members of the House, including every Missouri Democrat, have drawn their share of the salary-grub.

Vice-President Wilson is to have a session inserted in the lower part of the brain, in order to save his life, and there are doubts whether this will not end him at once.

A lead mine has been discovered on the Wisconsin shore of Lake Superior, which, if developed, will be of great value to the State.

Dan Voorhes and Judge Carlton, have formed a law partnership. The Caucasian's stocks, universally circulated in this country, ended Daniel's career as a back-packer through Congress.

Secretary Bismarck is at Washington—the only thing that bears the least connection with government. The rest of the loafers are dead-beating and sponging about the country to save salary.

GENERAL PERSONALS.

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Fred Douglass employs white servants to wait upon his ebony highness. This is the fulfillment of the prophecy, when a white man shall lie down with a nigger, and a greenback shall feed them.

Col. Wm. L. Long, for twenty years consul to Spezia, Italy, is dead. He was one of the most faithful officers of the country abroad, having been retained by each succeeding administration. He was a North Carolinian.

P. Gray Meek, of the Bellefonte (Pa.) Archangel, has been nominated by the Democracy for the State Senate in a hopelessly Radical district. Meek is a good fellow, but he has no more chance of election than his great-grandfather, Topekia.

Sarah De Camp, of Grand Banks, Neb., was at church lately. She giggled. The preacher saw her, and said: "The devil has his eyes on Sarah De Camp."

W. H. Harrison, the sheriff of Johnson county, lately defied Woodson. He testified a proclamation, in which he declared that he would protect certain prisoners in his keeping, and would not surrender to his lawless and lawless enemies. In response to his call, a numerous body of armed citizens rallied, and another hanging scrape by Judge Lynch was averted. All honor to such officers.

The Wood boys also at Saratoga. A correspondent describes them: "Fernando glides as with the easy grace of an eel, while Ben dashes like a big whale, while George plunders the lake, working and his broad-brimmed Panama hat sitting on his head like a buggy-top half up."

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STATE NEWS.

The Johnson county fair opens Sept. 30. The Daily Tribune has been started at Hannibal.

The Keynote Herald has seen a snake cucumber four feet long.

One man killed and several wounded by a railroad accident at Trenton lately.

Budd Williams, another penitentiary convict, has been pardoned by St. Woodson.

Two of the daring railroad and bank robber band, are known as the James brothers.

A happy Kansas City tailor, named Peter de Vinne, found his family multiplied to an alarming degree in a single night lately.

His wife had twins, his cat six kittens, his cow calved, his female canine had five pups, and his sow increased his prospective pork seven hundred percent.

Sile Woodson has addressed an order to the attorney-general, demanding an immediate investigation by the state authorities of the murderous doings of a Callaway county mob, by which several officers and citizens were shot down.

There is a good deal of talk—will anything be done?

Jaccard & Co., jewelers, of St. Louis, have lately discovered that immense robberies of their goods have been going on for a long time, by two of their trusted employees, Slater and Swamy, who are thieves. They stole enough goods to get up a wholesale watch shop, and they now have a watch shop set up over them.

The Bates county Record says: "The Lexington papers do not appear to know that there is such a road as the L. & C.," and itemize the names of the Ward's election to the Presidency, which was published about a month ago in the Caucasian. In reply, we would say, we don't know that there is such a road, but we hope there will be some day.

Advices from Fulton say that Sheriff Low, who was shot by the lynchers of Kansas City, is in a dying condition. The coroner's jury has not yet rendered a verdict in the case, but Judge Buckhardt and Attorney General Ewing are prosecuting vigorously the investigation of the matter, and it is probable that in a few days the guilty parties will be known.

The Cape Girardeau Press (Democratic) has this timely paragraph: "The St. Louis Republic, since it cut aloof from all parties, begins to talk quite sensibly. It gives the Bourbons of the South some good advice, and it will be well for them to heed. We rejoice to see on all sides a disposition to look at public measures as patriots, instead of partisans. It will soon break down the tyranny of party organizations, and purify the public service."

Kansas City has a three-year-old working mule that daily gives a gallon of good milk. A public square milking took place a few days ago, in the presence of a crowd of experts, sales and business men, who are all in a state of utter amazement over the strange phenomenon. Two families use the milk regularly, and find it not only wholesome, but singularly efficacious in the treatment of infantile whooping-cough and such. It contains little cream, and soon sours.

Granges forming everywhere. Evidence of prosperity in all parts of the state.

A new and beautiful Jewish synagogue has just been completed at Canby.

The pill-rollers of Searey are disheartened by the stubborn prevalence of health.

The whole debt of Conway county is \$10,000, which it owes a Kansas bank, at Topekia.

The transients (Washburn) Valley Railroad is being pushed forward, by a large force of workmen.

Late rains have saved the corn crop in the Searey section. Elsewhere it is here and yellow in the prime of life.

The editor of the Hot Springs Times has learned the Indian name of the Springs to be "Tawassutha," meaning "the Valley of the dead."

Prof. Fory, of Johnsons University, pretends to have been visited by k-k-k-k, but the White County Record doubts the statement, as the Prof. is known to be, like most Radicals, an unmitigated liar.

Compulsory peace has settled upon the troubled political sea, since the late, sadly elected Governor went over from his lawless and lawless enemies. The justice to the land-owners and white citizens of the state.

The Hot Springs Times, a new white man's paper, published at the great Arkansas Sileam, is received. It is a very neat and creditable journal, and answers to the Caucasian. The editor commends it, and wishes it abundant success.

Walter Harrison shot and killed Nathan Wathen at Arkadelphia, lately. They were both Kentuckians, and this was the ending of a family feud; Wathen having killed Harrison's father at Paducah during the war, the son now avenging his father's death.

A gay and festive Lothario, of the Vulcan school of mechanics, has lately skipped out from Oceola \$400 ahead. He paid a board bill of \$150 by marrying his creditor, then he borrowed all she had, and everything she had, and suddenly made himself scarce. The initials of his name are F. P. May. May the de'il get this May-flowering shrub.

The Fort Smith Independent has been sued for \$10,000 worth of abstracted character by Ben T. Duval. When the associate Editor of the Independent was last in Fort Smith (1849), it is questionable if the whole town, the fort, its citizens, and its nit-munching barbarian customers were worth half as much as Ben now would to plaster over his outraged "feelings."

The Columbus Statesman, of the 15th, takes the St. Louis Dispatch down most elegantly, in replying to a question from the latter what it had to say on the Democratic situation. The Statesman copies the Dispatch's comments of July 25th, on the Groesbeck letter, and indorsing them, answers the question through the inquirer's own mouth. Switzer is not for a Democratic party whose platform is to be a bundle of expiation and futile memories. He is right; but he will nevertheless see the folly repeated. Whom the gods would destroy, they first make Democratic leaders.

Up to the 21st, no less than thirty-two rule shafts had been sunk in the streets of Baxter, Kansas, and the whole population had gone to digging lead. The excitement is great. Further particulars elsewhere.

Albert Barnes, the commentator, positively declines to be D. D.-ed by any col-

league of the Democratic party.

Some of the railroads have already shown a disposition to edit the newspapers. When the two trains of the Chicago and Alton railroad ran into each other the other day, they attempted to suppress the news. They controlled the wires, and not a word of the shocking disaster appeared in the journals the next morning, and the friends of the murdered, the criminally slain, were unapprised of the fact. Such conduct is an outrageous scandal—a heartless butchery of both men and manly sympathy, and deserves the condemnation of the press and people.

The Columbia Statesman insists that the most noisy Whig of olden times, now editors of Democratic newspapers, are the most persistent in their enologies upon the "grand old historic Democratic party."

And half of these were either Know-Nothings or original Abolitionists. They take a gabby interest in making the Democratic party act like a fool.

A Henderson (Ky.) paper says: "We have in our possession a letter written by Henry Clay to the late Gen. John C. Calhoun, grandfather of the late Gen. Humphrey Marshall. The document was written in 1812, and bears upon it the following address: 'Sam'l J. Calhoun, Esq., New York City, N. Y.' Samuel G. Hopkins was a brother of the late Mrs. Mary B. Hopkins, of this city, among whose papers he lately found one day last week. James Clarke, Esq., was Governor of Kentucky a few years after the letter was written. The original letter will be sent to the Public Library. Here is a copy:

"Dear Sir: I have this moment returned from the field of battle. We had three shots. On the first I grazed him just above the eye, he missed me. On the second my ball passed his neck, and he fell. On the third I fired a shot into the thigh, and owing to his wound he was unable to rise. My wound is in no way serious, as the bone is not hit, but I require me to remain here some days.

Yrs. HENRY CLAY.

NEWS SUMMARY.

A gang of stamp thieves has been broken up in New York.

They, the so-called "Sick Man" of the east, has the third largest navy in the world.

A young English woman has been used by a fitted victim for a money consideration, as a bait for a broken heart.

His royal lowliness and littleness, the Tumbler Emperor of America, celebrated his silver wedding yesterday.

A band of historic brigands, depredating in the neighborhood of Rome, have been broken up, and six of the leaders killed.

Captain Chisholm reports the killing of three Indians and the capture of the horses stolen July 13th in New Mexico. Corporal Billings was killed.

Another terrible railroad smash-up near Cincinnati, by the colliding of trains on the Chicago road. Cause—palpable incompetence and carelessness.

A party of girls berrying on the hills near Saratoga, Pa., in the Wyoming Valley, were lately visited by a thunder storm, the lightning killing two and fatally wounding four.

Americans who have recently arrived from the Holy Land state that Kermel Pasha, the new Governor of Palestine, is a progressive man and speaks several English languages.

The Iowa Grangers are abandoning the attempt at co-operative stores. They find it not only unprofitable but impracticable. The merchants will have to be tolerated as a necessary evil.

Civil war has broken out in Perry county, Ark., in an effort by the sheriff to arrest a desperate named John and party, who had lately attacked Matthews and dispersed a supervisors' court.

An outrageous assassination at Henderson, Kentucky, occurred at half-past 5 o'clock. Edward Colthoun, 26 years of age, was sitting on the steps of the Presbyterian Church, when an unknown person shot him dead, the ball passing directly through his heart. No traces of the murderer.

A colony of Menomites have arrived in Kansas from Russia. They had considerable trouble in securing permission to leave their native land, and are now in a state of great excitement.